

The Mad Merry Pranks of Robin Good-fellow.

Vol 14 230

To the Tune of, *Dulcina.*



From Obrion in Faery Land,
the King of Ghosts and shadows there,
Had Robin I at his command,
em sent to biew the night-sports here:
What w^bl bout,
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go;
I will o're see,
And merry he,
And make good sport with, ho ho ho.

More swifte then lightning can I flye,
and round about this A^r welkin soon,
And in a minutes space discry,
each thing that's done beneath the Moon:
There's not a Pig,
Nor Ghost shall wag,
Nor cry Goblin where I do go,
But Robin I,
Their feats will spy,
And fear them home with, ho ho ho.

If any Wnderer I meet,
that from their night-sports do trudge home, And out the candle's I do blow,
With counteरing voice I greet,
and cause them on wth me to come.
Through woods, through lakes,

Through hogs through brakes,
O're Bush and Brier with them I go,
I call upon
Them to come on,
And wend me laughing, ho ho ho.
Sometimes I meet them like a man,
sometimes an Ox, sometimes a hound,
And to a Horse I turn me can,
to trip and trot about them round:
But if to ride,
My back they stride,
My swifte then wind, away I go,
O're hedge and Lands,
Through Woods and Ponds,
I wherry laughing, ho ho ho.
When Lads and Lasses merry be,
with Pessets and with junkets fine,
Unseen of all the Company,
I eat their Cakes and drinck their Wine:
And to make sport,
I fart and snoxt,
The Maids I kiss,
They shuck, whose this?
I answer nought but, ho ho ho.

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Madrigal of Robin Goodfellow

Yet now and then the Wards to please,
I Card at midnight up their Wool,
And while they sleep snort, fart, and snease,
With wheel to thread their Flax I pull:

I grind at Mill,
Their Vault up still,
I dress their hems I spin their Tow,
If any like,
And would me take,
I wend me laughing, ho ho ho.

When House or Herth doth flattish lyze,
I pinch the Wards there black and blew,
And from the Bed, the Bedcloaths I,
pull off and lay them nak'd to view:

Twixt sleep and wake,

I do them take,
And on the Key-cold flower them shew,
If out they cry,

Then forth Iye I,

And loudly laugh, ho ho ho.

When any need to borrow ought,
we lend them what they da require,
And for the use demand we neught,
our own is all we do desire:

If to repay,

Thy do delay,

Aboad amongst them then I go,

And night by night,

I them slight

With pinching dreams, and ho ho ho.

When lazy queans hate nought to do,
but study how to cog and lyz;
To make debate and mischiefe too,
Twixt one another secretly:

I mark their glose,

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And it disclose
To them which they have wronged so:
When I have done,
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho ho ho.
When men do traps and Engynes set
In loop-holes where the Wermine creep,
That from their holds and houses steal
their Ducks and Geese, their Lambs & Sheep
I spy the gne,
And enter in,
And seems a Wermine taken so;
But when they there,
Approach me near,
I leap out laughing, ho ho ho.
By Wells and Giles in Meadowes green,
we nightly dance our hay-day guise,
And to our Fairy King and Queen,
we chaunt our Moon-light harmonies:
When Larks gingling,
Away we sing,
And Babes new-born steal as we go:
An Elfin Bed,
We leabe in stead,
And wend us laughing, ho ho ho.
From Hay-bed Merlin's time have I,
thus mighty Revel'd to and fro,
And for my Pranks Men call me by
the name of Robin Good-fellow.
Fiends, Ghosts, and Sprites,
That haunt the nights,
The Hags and Goblins do me know,
And Belaems old,
My seats have told,
So Vale, vale, ho ho ho.